

Round about our Coal-Fire:

OR,

Christmas Entertainments.

PROLOGUE.

O You merry, merry Souls,
Christmas is a coming,
We shall have flowing Bowls ;
Dancing, piping, drumming ;
Delicate minced Pies
To feast ev'ry Virgin ;
Capon and Goose likewise,
Brawn and a Dish of Sturgeon
Then for your Christmas-box,
Sweet Plumt-cake and Money :
Delicate Holland Smocks,
Kisses sweet as Honey.
I for the Christmas Ball,
Where we will be jolly,
Coupling short and tall
Kate, Dick, Ralph, and Molly.
To the Hop we'll go, 10 JU 52
Where we'll jig and caper,
Cuckolds all a row,
Will shall pay the scraper ;
Tom must dance with Sue,
Keeping time with Kisses,
We'll have a jovial crew,
Of sweet smirking Misses.

Round about our Coal-Fire :
O R,
Christmas Entertainments.

CONTAINING,

Christmas Gambols, Tropes, Figures, &c. with Abundance of Fiddle-Faddle-Stuff; such as Stories of Fairies, Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Witches, Bull-beggars, Rawheads and Bloody-Bones, Merry Plays, &c. for the Diversion of Company in a cold Winter-Evening, besides several curious Pieces relating to the History of old Father *Christmas*; setting forth what Hospitality has been, and what it is now. Very proper to be read in all Families.

Adorn'd with many curious CUTS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, and sold by the
Booksellers in Town and Country. Price 1 s.

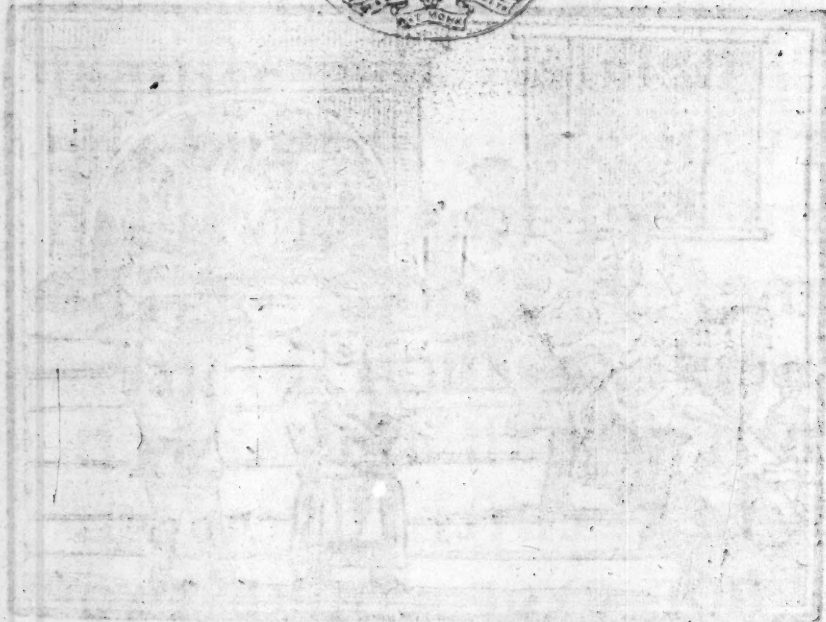
Round about our Coal River

O R

Christmas Enrichments

CON

Christmas Enrichments
The first of the Christmas
enrichments is the
Christmas Eve service
in which the story of
the birth of Christ is
read and the people
sing the Christmas
carols.



Printed by J. W. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

To the Worshipful

Mr. L U N N,

*Compleat Witch-maker of
England, and Conjuror
General of the Universe;
at his Great House in
Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

S I R,

THO' I have read Dr.
Glandville of Witches,
besides the dismal
Story of *Bateman*, and the
Sprite, &c. It is very plain
to me, that none of the
Writers of such Matters
ever had half the Witch-
craft in them that you pos-
sess, nor ever could pro-
duce such agreeable De-
vils

DEDICATION.

vils and Witches as you have daily introduced. I have Witnesſes enough to aſſert my Conjecture, for my Couſin *Sarah*, Couſin *Dolly*, Couſin *Nancy*, and a ſcore more of them, when any Stories are told of Witches, Hobgoblins, Bull-Beggars, *Raw-heads and Bloody-bones*, Ghosts, &c. will croud together into a Bed, in a hot Summer's Night, and ſnug their Heads under the Sheets, with Sweats more than a Pound of *Venice-Treacle* could give them, ſo great is the Fear they are poſſeſs'd with when they hear the lamentable Stories

DEDICATION.

ries handed down to us by our Great Grandmothers ; but when Mr. *Lunn* has created a new Devil, or a Legion or two of Witches, there is no rest in the House, till they *Deck out* and manage the Tack so as to get a sight of them. Altho' the Night proves never so dark, they yet always come home Gay, and can lie in single Beds, which makes it plain to me, that your Magick far excels that the old Folks used to relate of Friar *Bacon* and the Sorcerers in the Days of Yore. The *old ones* played their own Game with us Boys and Girls, we could

9 A H O

D E D I C A T I O N.

could never go to Bed without the shelter of a Pillow; but who the Devil would not rob an Orchard to see the Devils of your making. But pray Mr. *Lunn*, are not all your Devils *Men*? I do assure you if they are, some Ladies of my Acquaintance are prodigiously fond of them, and if they are really Ghosts or Spirits, they are resolved to run headlong to the Devil for 'em: See then the difference between my Grandmother's Devils and your Devils, and so I conclude,

Yours &c.

C H A P.

C H A P. I.

Of Mirth and Jollity, Christmas Gambols, Eating, Drinking, and Kissing, &c.

FIRST acknowledging the Sacredness of the Holy Time of *Christmas*, I proceed to set forth the Rejoicings which are generally made at that great Festival. You must understand, good People, that the manner of celebrating this great Course of Holydays, is vastly different now to what it was in former Days: There was once upon a time Hospitality in the Land; an *English* Gentleman at the opening of the great Day, had all his Tenants and Neighbours enter'd his Hall by Day-break, the strong Beer was broach'd, and the *Black-Jacks* went plentifully about with Toast, Sugar, Nutmeg, and good *Cheshire Cheese*; the Rooms were embower'd with *Holly*, *Ivy*, *Cyprus*, *Bays*, *Laurel* and *Mistletoe*, and a bouncing *Christmas Log* in the Chimney, glowing like the Cheeks of a Country Milkmaid; then was the Pewter as bright as *Clarinda*, and every bit of Brass as polish'd

as the most refined Gentleman; the Servants were then running here and there, with merry Hearts and jolly Countenances, every one was busy in welcoming of Guests, and look'd as Smug as new-lick'd Puppies; the Lasses were as blith and buxom as the Maids in good Queen *Be's*'s Days, when they eat Sirloins of Roast-beef for Breakfast; Peg would scuttle about to make a Toast for *John*, while *Tom* run *harum scarum* to draw a Jug of Ale for *Margery*. Gaffer *Spriggins* was bid thrice welcome by the Squire, and Gamma *Nigett* did not fail of a smacking Bus from his Worship, in Memory of things past, while his Son and Heir was mousling and tousling the blooming Beauties of the Tenants Daughters; in a word, the Spirit of Generosity ran thro' the whole House. In these Times, all the Spits were Sparkling, the HACKIN must be boil'd by Day-break, or else two young Men must take the Maiden by the Arms, and run her round the Market-place till she is asham'd of her Laziness.

And what is more than this, is, she shall not play with the young Fellows that Day, but stand Neuter, like a Girl in a Winding-sheet at a Church-door for a Bastard Child.

But now let us enquire a little further, to arrive at the Sense of the Thing; the great Festival was in former Times kept with so much Freedom and Openness of Heart, that every one in the Country where a Gentleman resided, possess'd at least a Day of Pleasure

in the *Christmas* Holy days ; the Tables were all spread from the first to the last, the Sirloins of Beef, the Minc'd-pyes, the Plumb-porridge, the Capons, Turkeys, Geese, and Plumb-puddings were all brought upon the Board, and every one who had sharp Stomachs, and sharp Knives, eat heartily, and were welcome, which gave Rise to the Proverb, *merry in the Hall, where the Beards wag all.*

Then there were Turn-spits employ'd, who by the time Dinner was over, would look as black and as greasy as a *Welch* Porridge-pot, but the Jacks have since turned them all out of Doors. The Geese which us'd to be fatted for the honest Neighbours, have been of late sent to *London*, and the Quills made into Pens to convey away the Landlord's Estate ; the Sheep are drove away to raise Money to answer the Loss at a Game at Dice or Cards, and their Skins made into Parchment for Deeds and Indentures ; nay, even the poor innocent Bee, who was used at least to pay its Tribute to the Lord once a Year in good *Metheglin*, for the Entertainment of the Guests, and its Wax converted into beneficial Plaisters for sick Neighbours, is now used for the Sealing of Deeds to his Disadvantage. But give me the Man *who has a good Heart in his Belly*, and has Spirit enough to keep up the old way of Hospitality, feeds his People till they are as plump as Partridges, and as fat as Porpoises, that every Servant might appear as Jolly as

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the

the late Bishop of *Winchester's* Porter at *Chelsea*, and not keep a parcel of sneaking looking Wretches about them, whose Ribs are as apparent as those of a Gridiron? What an Honour it is to a Master to hear the Folks about him praising his Generosity; and such a Character is a help to him sometimes at an Election; for the more Servants which are kept under a good-natur'd Direction, love him, and make the Country Folks admire him from their Praises of him, for there is always one or other of them setting out his Goodness, which even makes an Impression upon those who never saw him, or even had been at his House. When I speak this, I recollect the Fable of the Mouse, who help'd a Lion out of the Toil he was caught in, and the common Opinion, that a Mouse may destroy an Elephant; besides another Observation that a Mouse may creep where an Elephant can't go, and do good when some People least expect it; then let all your Folks live briskly, and at such a time of Rejoicing, enjoy the benefit of good Beef and Pudding, let the strong Beer be unlock'd, and let the Piper play,

O'er the Hills and far away.

And moreover,

Strike up Drowsy-gat Scrapers,

Gallants be ready,

Each with his Lady, &c.

For

For there must be a Dance now and then by way of Exercise and Wit, or else I am sure *Hurlo Thrumbo* was in the wrong Box, as well as the old Ballad Woman, who gave you a Song and a Dance, and all for the Price of a Halfpenny. I have now by me two Squires and a Sir——, who say I am mad to write in this manner, for they are jealous I hint at them. One says to me, when did you ever find me stingy, I believe you have a mind to reflect upon my Character? a second says, when did I make away my Estate by my Goose Quills, the Parchment from my Sheeps backs, and the Wax of my Bees? and says the third, and pray, Sir, how can you censure me on any account, have not I treated you with many Bottles of Clarret? and did not I laugh as loud as any one when we were at *Hurlo Thrumbo* together? and then I drop my Subject, as many noted Preachers do, and sum'd up the matter in a few words, *viz.*

Gentlemen,

If I have told you of your Sins, mend if you can for the future, let the Stingy be Generous, let the Generous be Wise, and let him who is between one and t'other, keep his Clarret to himself if he will, and laugh less, when there is nothing to be laugh'd at.

But then 'tis said,

Laugh and be Fat;——

Which words may be understood thus; if a Man has but a mean Subsistence, he can never

ver have any great occasion to Laugh, and much less to be Fat ; but if he has plenty of Provender, then the Proverb is right, *he may laugh that wins*, and be Fat into the bargain.

But the News-Papers inform us, that the Spirit of Hospitality has not quite forsaken us ; for three or four of them tell us, that several of the Gentry are gone down to their respective Seats in the Country, in order to keep their *Christmas* in the old way, and entertain their Tenants and Trades-folks as their Ancestors used to do, and I wish them a merry *Christmas* accordingly ; and so shall conclude this Chapter, with only taking Notice to the stingy Tribe, that if they don't at least make their Tenants or Tradesmen drink when they come to see them in the *Christmas* Holydays, they have Liberty of pissing behind the Door, which is a Law of very ancient Date.

Postscript. A merry Gentleman of my Acquaintance desires I will insert, that the old Folks in Days of Yore kept open House at *Christmas* out of Interest ; for then, says he, they receiv'd the greatest part of their Rents in kind ; such as Wheat, Barley or Malt, Oxen, Calves, Sheep, Swine, Turkeys, Capons, Geese, and such like ; and they not having room enough to preserve their Grain, or Fodder enough to sustain their Cattle or Poultry, nor Markets to sell off the Overplus, they were obliged to

to use that in their own Houses, and by treating the People of the Country, gain'd Credit amongst them, and rivetted the Minds and Good-will of their Neighbours so firmly to them, that no one durst venture to oppose them. The Squire's Will was done whatever came on't ; nay even if he would ask a Neighbour what was't a-Clock, they return'd with a low Scrape, 'tis what your Worship pleases.

And the Dancing and Singing of the Benchers in the great Inns of Court in *Christmas*, is in some sort founded upon Interest ; for they hold, as I am inform'd, some Privilege by Dancing about the Fire in the middle of their Hall, and singing the Song of *Round about our Cole-fire*, &c.



C H A P. II.

Of Christmas Gambols, or the Diversions of the Holydays.

THis time of Year being Cold and Frosty generally speaking, or when Jack-Frost commonly takes us by the Nose, the Diversions are within Doors, either in Exercise or by the Fire-Side.

Dancing is one of the Exercises chiefly, *Moll Peatly* or the *Black Joke*; these Dances stir the Blood and give the Males and Females, a fellow-feeling of each other's Activity, Ability and Agility; *Cupid* always sets in the Corner of the Room where these are transacting, and shoots Quivers full of Arrows at the Dancers, and makes his own game of them.

Then comes Mumming or Masquerading, when the Squire's Wardrobe is Ransack'd for Dresses of all kinds, and the Coal-hole searcht around, or Corks burnt to black the Faces of the Fair, or make Deputy Mustachioes, and every one in the Family, except the Squire himself must be transform'd from what they were; then begins the Freedom between one and t'other, to be sprinkled about the Hall, and every one shews their Wit according to their Capacity, and then a Dance again, and a good hearty

ty pull or two at the Silver-Tankard of strong Beer, made woundy good with Sugar and Nutmeg. Then *Jenny* gives you a Jig, which is proportionably good as it makes her abound in Sweat; *Doll* in her way gives you a double Courant, and turns round fifty times in a Minute, till most of them are drunk enough, and reel home or lie down in the Barn.

Or else there is a Match at Blind-Man's-buff, and then it is lawful to set any thing in the way for Folks to tumble over, whether it be to break Arms, or Legs, or Heads, 'tis no mater, for Neck or Nothing, the Devil loves no Cripples. — This Play I am told, was first set on foot by the Country Bonesetters, who like some Surgeons, when they first set up Business in the Country, provide two or three pickled Whores of Figure to P—x the Parish, both very necessary Steps towards gaining good Business.

As for Puss in the Corner, that is a very harmless Sport, and one may ramp at it as much as one will, when even at this game a Man catches his Woman, he must kiss her till her Ears crack, or she will be disappointed, if she is a Woman of any Spirit; but if it is one who Offers at a Struggle, and blushes, then be well assured she is a Prude, and tho' she won't stand a Buss in publick, she'll receive it with open Arms behind the Door, and you may kiss her till she makes your Heart ake.

The next Game to this is Questions and Commands, when the Commander may oblige his Subject to answer any lawful Question, and make the same obey him instantly, under the penalty of being smutted, or paying such forfeit as may be laid on the Aggressor; but the Forfeits being generally fix'd at some certain Price, as a Shilling, half a Crown, &c. So every one knowing what to do if they should be too stubborn to submit, make themselves easy at Discretion; At one of these Entertainments, I remember a Gentleman was commanded to take a certain Lady into the next Room and make her squeak; he took the Lady according to order, and was free enough in a modest way; but, Madam, says he, why don't you Squeak? Sir, answer'd the Lady, you are to make me Squeak; but returns the Gentleman, if you don't Squeak, I must forfeit? Why don't you make me says the Lady? and tho' there was a Couch in the Room, and he was put to the *last Push*, she would not Squeak, and the poor Gentleman was forc'd to pay the Forfeit after he had taken so much Pains with her. Some would have made him lay down double the Money, *i. e.* one part as a Forfeit, and the other for Socket-money.

As for the Game of Hoop and Hide, the Parties have the Liberty of hiding where they will, in any part of the House; and if it should prove to be in a Bed, and if they even
then

then happen to be caught, the Dispute ends in Kissing, &c.

Most of the other Diversions are Cards and Dice, but they are seldom set on foot, unless a Lawyer is at hand, to breed some Dispute for him to decide, or at least have some Party in. And now I come to another Entertainment frequently used, which is of the Story-telling Order, *viz.* of Hobgoblins, Witches, Conjurers, Ghosts, Fairies, and such like common Disturbers.





*The Hobgoblin Society, from an original Painting
of Salvator Rosa.*

CHAP. III.

*Treating of Hobgoblins, Raw-heads
and Bloody-bones, Buggy-bows,
Tom-pokers, Bull-beggars; and
such like horrible Bodies.*

ONE of the great Amusements, when the Country-folks begin to repose themselves, is to relate the direful Account of the above Monsters, which their Nur-ses or Mothers had describ'd to them, under the most terrible Shapes; I confess I was a long time before I could get over it, for my Nurse had so impress them in my Mind,

Mind, that many a Time I had none of the best Smells in the Bed where I lay; and then I as surely felt the smart of the Rod the next Morning, just as you see them in the Picture. So I imagin'd them, one was to Bite, another to Scratch, another to Bully, &c. but since I am grown tall enough, and one about coming to years of Discretion, I have had the Advantage of an honest Friend, who has led me as he used to do by his startled Horse, to see them, and know what they are; I found them then to be all of the human Race, one a poor starv'd snarling Critic, another a Man who had Impudence enough to Pyrate the Works of other Men; a third who valued himself more for his Guts than his Brains, and could only say Bo! — Another a little squinting Fellow, who aim'd at being a Flea in a Man's Ear; another a Bite and Scandal-bearer, and so on; such Cabals as I speak of are in many Corners of the Earth, and in full Club make their Chairman pronounce the Doom of all before them; but they are not any longer to appear as Bugbears either to Men, Women, or Children; for when we know them, the Enchantment is broke, and their Gang perishes.



Witches at an Assembly, from a Capital Piece, by Albert Durer, as supposed by the hardness of the Drawing.

C H A P. IV.

Of Witches, Wizards, Conjurers, and such Trifles; what they are, and how to make them; with many of their merry Pranks, &c.

AMONG the other amusing Stories told in the Holyday Times, those of Witches and their Pranks are not the least considerable. A Witch, according to my Nurfes account, must be a hagged old Woman, living in a little rotten Cottage, under a Hill, by a Wood side, and must be frequently Spinning at the Door,

Door, she must have a black Cat, two or three Broomsticks, an Imp or two, and two or three Diabolical Teats to suckle her Imps. And then again, a Witch must be of so dry a Nature, that if you fling her into a River she will not sink; so hard then is her Fate, that if she is to undergo the Trial, if she does not drown, she must be burnt, as many have been within the Memory of Man.

The Male Witches are call'd Wizards or Conjurers; and we have many Instances of them, such as Dr. *Faustus*, Friar *Bacon*, Mr. *Lunn*, Dr. *Partridge*, seventh Sons, and Gentlemen who have the second Sight, besides Deaf and Dumb Folks, &c.

But let these Sorcerers be of which Sex they will, they are generally said to possess the Gift of Enchantment, and can transform themselves into various Shapes whene'er they will; as Cats, Hares, ragged Colts, or Bears, to the great Disturbance of the good People wherever they live.

As for those of the Female sort, as my Nurse told me, (for I must give you her Account first;) There was one *Gammar Martyn* who lived at the end of the Town where she was born; a four looking Woman, with an old shabby high-crown'd Hat, a Broomstick generally in her Hand when she walk'd to Market, and then she seldom bought any thing but Sheep's Lights, or such like Cat's-meat, and the Folks wonder'd how the Devil she lived; the Boys used to call

her old Mother Damnable, and every now and then she used to hit them a rap with her Stick, and so the Lads would have the Head-ach, or a pain in their Bones for a Week, and this was all Witchcraft; Mother *Martyn* or one of her Imps had bewitch'd them. If any one was taken with a Vomiting or Looseness, 'twas Mother *Martyn* still, and Curses upon Curses were thrown upon her for many Years.

Now it happen'd one Morning that the Squire came towards her House with his Pack of Hounds, and not being able to find an Hare, ask'd the old Woman's advice as she sat Spinning at her Door; Sir, quoth the old Woman, go to yonder Hill and you will find that which will lead you a Dance; away goes the Squire, and as she said, he started a bouncing Puss, that led them many a dirty Mile, and was lost at last; in his return Home, Mother *Martyn* was sitting at her Door Spinning all in a sweat, you have found me Sport says the Squire, but damn your Sport since it has made me so faint that I can hardly set my Horse; having some Thoughts that she had been the Hare that had led him such a Dance. Your Worship, says she, may drink a Glas of my Cordial Water if you please, 'tis good of the sort, and when he had drank it, now says she, take care of your Backside between this and Home, and the Squire rode away without giving her any thing for her Favour, but before
he

he came Home, he was taken with a sharp griping Pain, which made him sh—t Pins and Needles as he thought, and the best Physicians thereabouts could not set him to rights in a Fortnight.— The next Quarter Sessions he takes up Gammer *Martyn*, and without a long Process, had her burnt as the Law directed them for Witches; *for says he*, tho she gave me Diverſion in the Chafe, ſhe certainly bewitch'd me with her Spirit of Arſeſmart; ſhe is plainly a Witch, for every body has ſworn their ill Healths proceeded from Mother *Martyn's* Sorcery, and beſides ſhe was an old Woman— and it had been ſaid of her, that ſhe was once ſeen walking in the ſhape of a Cat upon the ridge of an Houſe; and moreover, ſhe had a Mole under her left Breſt; and burnt ſhe was by the common Hangman ———. But if I may add one Thing more before I end her Story, which I had from a near Neighbour of hers; the chief occaſion of her Death was, that ſhe and the Squire's Steward had not ſet their Horſes together for ſome Years, and the Steward then ſet her out for a Witch, and for a few Pence eaſily drew a Mob of Boys after her, whenever ſhe came to Town: The Witch is coming ſays one; here's Mother Damnable ſays another, and ſo her Character became ſuch, that the old Proverb was made good; that *ſome may better Steal an Horſe, than another look over an Hedge.*

It is to be noted, that the old Woman might without being a Witch, tell the Squire where he might find a Hare, and might change Countenance, or appear in a Fluster when the Squire stopt at her Door, thinking her Dispute with his Steward had put the Squire into a Passion, and to make up the Difference, might offer him a Dram, which most old Women have by them; and to bid him take care of his Backside, might only proceed from her unpolish'd Way of Thinking; and the sharpness of his Stools might only happen from the Temper of his Body at that Time, as many People meet with frequently. I suppose from such reasonable Ways of Thinking, Mother *White*, a reputed Witch of *Hertfordshire* or *Essex*, was saved from the Flames by a late Judge.

But to shew you how easy it is to make a malignant Witch, *viz.* such a one as Mother *Martyn*, or the worst of Witches was ever deem'd to be, I will first give you an Account of the Accomplishments required, and then tell you how to make one any Day in the week.

To make one of the Witches of old Times, you must chuse an old Woman, very hagg'd, and very ill-natur'd, she will then be so cunning, that if she has any little hoard by her of Money, or a few Apples in her Orchard that she does not care to lose, she presently gives out of her own Accord, that she can set Charms or Spells upon all that would at-

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tempt to rob her. This by degrees makes all the young Men and Boys tremble as they pass by her House, and brings all the young Women in the Country about her to learn their Fortunes : Then she begins to talk of an Ointment the Devil has given her to conjure herself into a real Witch, and does not grudge to say she can ride many hundred Miles in a few Minutes upon her favourite Broomstick, to meet her beloved *Lucifer*, and with him to play at *Rantum scantum* on a Bed of Nettles. When you find a Woman thus qualified, she is either fit to make a Witch or a Bawd ; then if by good Luck she can learn either from Mother *Bunch's* Closet open'd, or some learned Physician, how to make intoxicating Draughts, or such as may torment the Belly, she becomes Mistress of her Business. A Wife may meet her Gallant at her House whenever she will, while a little Dose of her sleeping Cordial may be given to the Husband ; and if he proves fractious, then some of the Gripping Dose follows, and pinches his Guts till he has a Reward enough for his Complaints. On the other hand, if the young Men come to her with a smiling Countenance, and cross her Hand with a Piece of Silver, she presently finds an Opportunity to make their favourite Witches fly into their Arms ; or by another Draught, if the good Mother will shame any body in the Parish for an Insult offer'd to her, she will make them laugh at every thing they see for twenty four Hours, and so the

Witch's Hovel becomes a Meeting-House for the pretty longing Girls and the young Fellows in the Neighbourhood, and there is not one of them will declare any thing that happens at the Witch's House; for if they do, she will not fail of giving them either a Dose of Madness or of Sleep, or of Laughing or Gripes, just as the Maggot takes her in the Head. The pretty Girls are her Witches, and her Charms, and with them she sets Spells upon the young Men. By this Cunning she will lead any one of her Familiars into a Wood, or under a Hedge, or, in short, where she commands; and she accounts *a Touch of the Wand is very enchanting.*

Now we may examine how the Devil an old Woman should take upon her to live by such odd Things? I can only answer that such odd Things bring in a great deal of Money; for every one of the Company pays something towards it, and then don't you think that the Witch might live very well by it? I pray you how did Mother *Needham* get her Bread? was it not by this means; and is not Madam ——— doing the same at this Day, and Mrs. ——— and my Lady ——— and my Lady ——— and my Lady ——— and Squire ——— and Count ——— and Sir ——— but they indeed Witchcraft it in *London*, where People know the Lord knows what; and therefore such Meetings must be in Masquerade: I then desire to know what is the Difference between the Witches of the Town and Country; the Answer

swer is very short, when we consider that the Witches in the Country which give their Minds to Catter-wauling, are esteem'd Cats; for all Whores are call'd Cats, and all the Catterwauling-folks, either in Town or Country, whether in Cats-skin or Harlequin Dresses, are Cats; so that the Country, as well as the *London* Ladies are all one, in point of Kissing, when they are metamorphos'd on such Occasions; and this is the Reason why Witches are said to transform themselves into Cats. But pretty Girls may take what Shape they please, they are Witches still, and will enchant Mankind, let them do what they will: all Males will come to the Lure of the Female. But to give a word or two more concerning the old sorts of Witches or Bawds, I find that at this very time of Day, there is a Clan of Witches in the Island of *Majorca*, which, from good Testimony, eat the Leaf of an Herb, which raises them to such a pitch of Madness, as hardly to parallel that of the *French* Prophets, which were among us of very late Date; they will seem by their Talk to be in the Air, to meet the Devil, and will then converse with any Man as if the Devil was in them.

But we have a sort of Mother Witch, that is next to these which are the Coffee and Tea Throwers to tell People's Fortunes; but whether the Fortune is to be decided by Coffee or Tea, depends chiefly upon the humour of the Fortune-tellers: if it is on the Coffee side, they

they must have their Learning from Gypsies or *Egyptians*, where Learning once abounded, and Coffee has grown from the beginning of time; but the Gypsies we see about the Streets, are not altogether so Wise; their Colour is of the true Walnut-shell tinge, and their Wit altogether in picking of Pockets; they are all Counterfeits; I just know that there is little difference between the Learning of the Goers-about and the stayers at home; as for the common Gypsies, they will steal Tankards, and as for the best of the Coffee-throwers, I was at her House, and while she was gone to get some Coffee to perform the Ceremony, I piss'd in her Shoe, which cost at least seven Shillings, and into the Coffee-pot likewise, which she knew nothing off; so that I conclude neither of these sort of Witches have any great Notion of Conjuraton; unless Miss *Nancy* wants *Tom*, or Miss *Salley* wants *John*, and then no doubt they can make up the Difference between them if they are well paid for't, but the itinerant Witches, such as the Gypsies, tell Fortunes for a Penny, and the *home-set* Witches will have a Shilling at least for their Advice.

The first *Witch-dealers*, i. e. those who deal with the Gypsies, take their Magick chiefly from setting up Pokers against a decaying Fire, or laying on a Fire-shovel over the same when 'tis almost out, whilst the latter take their Counsel from their Coffee-pot, and their own Conjectures. If I may
give

give my Opinion of the Case, I should suppose that the setting the Pokers against Fires, is much more antient than the use of Coffee; for the first has been ever since the Discovery of Coal-Mines at *Newcastle* upon *Tyne*, and the use of Coffee in *England* has not been above fifty five Years.

As for the Mother-Tea Witches, or such as presume to throw Tea Grounds, they must certainly, to establish the Fortunes of People, bring their Learning from *China* where the Tea only grows; for if we were to use a Drug so commonly as Tea is used, and did not know the Use of it, why do we use it; one may venture to offer five Guineas reward to any one who can read the *Chinese* Language; for there is not at present any Person who can tell the least tittle of it in *England*. Therefore Chalk, or Powder of Post, would do the same thing, and thin Tea-Castings can be of no Import or Signification, so that *Tea Witches* have no Foundation for their Fortune-telling, unless by what I said before of the bringing young Witches to their Mates, and so procure a Copulation, and then the Proverb is verified, *Cat after Kind*.

I could here give you an Account of various sorts of diminutive Witches in *London*; such as Semstresses, Milliners, &c. of the old Race; but I conclude, that all the Witches for my mind are young Women, which I presume may be procured at the above-

abovesaid places : I may add, that when the Devil couples with Witches, they bring forth Toads and Serpents, as some great Authors tell us.

P. S. One may add, that there was another sort of Witch a Year or two ago that could Enchant hundreds of Families into amaze, about her Coney-warren ; I mean the Woman about *Guilford*, who pretended to breed Rabbits every Day, from the bare seeing a Rabbet cross the way before her, and so far did she mannage the Matrer being a Woman of a *large Capacity*, that several large Rabbits were seen to come from her Body, by the Sect of Cunny-peepers, and among the rest, two of Note, who blazed about her fame as fit to be Mistress of all the Coney-warrens in *England*, for they had peep'd and felt the Case, and open'd it so far to the Publick, that there were many Thousands about *London* would not eat a Rabbet for a Twelve-month, and many hundred Pounds were lost by the Poulterers on account of that Commodity ; but at length by many weighty Reasons in Philosophy, by two or three great Conjurers, that the Woman was really Mother to a vast number of Rabbits that they saw born, and that the crossing of the Rabbet before her must be the Reason of it ; it was discover'd that the whole was done by Enchantment, *i. e.* it was done by Confederacy, for a Woman in her League brought her every Day

Day or Night privately a parcel of young Buns or Rabbets which she hid in her Bed, and every now and then she put into *Burrow*, and then would begin to grunt and roar like a Devil, till she was deliver'd of her Burden; then as soon as this Cheat was found out, it was presently concluded she was not of the strain of the old Witches, nor quite of the new Witches sort, and then Rabbits were eaten again. This was a peice of Witchcraft above the common way, tho' there has been a Woman at *Hammer-smith* who said she was possess'd by the Devil, and got Money by it, *i. e.* her Mother did, which was the same thing as the Rabbets Mother did; but this like the other was discover'd to be an Impostor, and suffer'd accordingly.

S E C T. II.

Of Wizards and Conjurers.

TH E Conjurers in ancient Times were not of our Reach; they kept that Knowledge to themselves, but yet with that Knowledge would get more Money than any of our Moderns, except Mr. *Lun*, or the late Mr. *Fawkes*.

Dr. *Faustus* and Friar *Bacon* were two very great Conjurers in their Time; these were Wizards, and play'd the Devil as some Folks say in the Days of Yore: Dr. *Faustus*, because he had the first Knowledge of Printing, took the Bible in hand, which used then only to be

be written, at a great Expence, even at about twenty or thirty Pounds apiece, which in those Times was equal to ten times the Money in our Days. *Faustus* printed a large Number of them, and sold them in strange Countries as well as his own, and even to the Value of the Manuscripts, by which he amass'd a vast Fortune. At last his Printing was discover'd, and then it was said he could eat Loads of Hay, had fiery Dragons stew'd for Breakfast, had fry'd Toads and broil'd Serpents for Dinner, and, by way of Desert, would change Mens Noses into Bunches of Grapes, or Bunches of Grapes into Noses, which was the same Thing.

He could do more than *Moor of Moor-Hall*, when he slay'd the Dragon of *Wantley*; he could devour Loads of Hay, when the Dragon of *Wantley* (as he was call'd) could eat up

— *Houses and Churches*

Were to him Geese and Turkeys.

So they both, according to my Sense of the Matter, who were Men of great Estates, eat up their Fortunes at any rate, not valuing Men, Women, or Children.

— *They eat all*

And left none behind,

But some Stones, dear Jack,

That they could not crack,

Which on the Hills you'll find.

Faustus

Faustus spent his Estate to gratify the Fools who came to his Observatory, where he Drank plentifully with those sorts of Folks, and was Generous enough to give those who were Curious the things which stood him in a large Expence; at last he grew Poor, and then *the Devil take him*, said every one, for no body came near him, and that was the *Devil*, for it was said the Devil swallow'd him up, as Mr. *Lun* has it at his house in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where I have seen it; so that he was no true Wizard, on second thoughts.

The Dragon of *Wantley* too, may be deem'd a thing now-a-Days which signifies nothing, but let me assure you, he was a Gentleman once of very good Fortune, he would Drink hard 'tis true, till *Moor* of *Moor-hall* got all his Estate by Mortgage or otherways; and so *Moor* of *Moor-hall* Conquered the Dragon.

N. B. It is said, that Men Drink like Dragons in the *North*, and one of an extraordinary Nature, at *Wantley* might be call'd the Dragon of the Place, and I suppose *Moor* of *Moor-hall* got his Estate in Mortgage, and then the Lawyers came in, and there was an end of the Matter.

Friar Bacon was another Conjuror of *Oxford*, who made the Brazen-head, but his Man *Miles* was one of the Family of the sad Dogs, for when the Brazen-head had been made for a long time at vast Labour and Expence, *Miles* being left to look after it while
his

his Master Slept, he never took care to call Fryar *Bacon* when it spoke, and so the whole Scheme came to nothing, or else all *England* was to have been wall'd round with Brass. It seems to me that Fryar *Bacon* was an Alchymist, and one aiming at the Philosopher's Stone; and I assure you whoever can get that Treasure, may not only encompass *England* with walls of Brass, but walls of Gold: there have been several Men of good Substance lately employing themselves about it, with design of paving our Streets with Gold, and I was in great hopes of it in the Year 1720, when all the Bubbles were on foot, but then presently all fell to nothing, whoever got by the Bargain; and since these things have happen'd, I can have no great faith in the Philosopher's-stone-Men, unless it be in those who *can bring them in the COLE*, and those perhaps I might treat with.

A merry Fellow, says that Friar *Bacon's* Head, when it burst to pieces, foretold that the Brass Guns of our Navy were the Brass Walls he design'd for to wall us about; in a word, tho' we have not the first, we have the last, and no Nation dare attack us; our Fleets can always protect us: these, says he, being given to shattering, may proceed from the shatter'd Brazen-head of Friar *Bacon*; read his History and see farther. Another Man of assurance says, that the *English* are such brazen-faced Mortals ever since Friar *Bacon's* Time, that they will face the whole World.

It

It is a Proverb that two Heads are better than one, and then to be sure if we were to lay our Heads together, as we have done in some late Wars, the Folks who are our Enemies would find it so, that is, as good as a Wall of Brass, only consisting of broken Parts, as other Walls do.

Or may we think that the brazen Head of Friar Bacon, when he design'd it, did not mean, as some would suggest, that an whole Head was better than a broken one, by which I understand that to be all of one Mind would be much better than to be divided. But then, says another, remember the Proverb, *Many Men, many Minds*; and that in my Opinion must be, because it is naturally so; and if we were all of one Mind, we should become a Parcel of *Momes*, and have nothing to say to one another: Tho' some inconsiderate Fellows answer, You know nothing of the Matter, you love *Sukey Larkin*; so do I, say they then: Are not we all of one Mind? No, they reply, presently: Damn you, you shan't have her to yourself; we'll have her, and then they begin to battle it with me; then I desire to know whether we are all of one Mind.

But I must tell you how this great Conjuror Friar Bacon has gone beyond the lengths of the Wisdom I have been speaking of; for in a Penny Book I have of him, it is said when King *Edward III.* sent for him to Court, he was Conjuror enough to bring a Cook-maid

with a Spit, and a Shoulder of Mutton on it, from an hundred Miles Distance, before the King, on Purpose to confront her with one of the King's Servants, who had lain with her; and this I suppose is true, because 'tis in Print; but then Friar Bacon was so kind as to send her back again immediately about her Business, or else the Shoulder of Mutton might be spoil'd, the Master have wanted it at its time, or she might have taken another Touch, and that might have broken the Enchantment.

These are the old Heroes in Magick; and next to them I place Mr. *Fawkes*, one of our modern Conjurers, who, after having anointed himself with the Sense of the People, became so great a Conjuror, that he amassed several thousand Pounds to himself: He was so great a Magician, that either by the Force of his Hocus Pocus Powder, or by the Influence of his Conjuring Wand, he could presently assemble a Multitude of People together, to admire the Phantoms he raised before them, *viz.* Trees to bear Fruit in an instant, Fowls of all sorts, change Cards into Birds, give us Prospects of fine Places out of nothing, and a merry Jig without either a Fidler or a Piper; and moreover, to shew that Money was but a Trifle to him, with a Conjuring-Bag that he had, would every now and then shower down a Peck or two of Gold and Silver upon his Table, and that this Money should not die with him, he has Conjured up a Son who

who can do the same things, so that one may say his Conjurat[i]on is Hereditary.

But we must not forget Dr. *Partridge*, the Almanack-maker, Student in Physick, Astrology, and Shoe-making, he could tell Fortunes, makes *Daffy's* Elixir, Gild-pills, calculate Nativities, or mend Shoes, *i. e.* he could cure a bad *Sole*, but now alas, his *All (Aul)* is at an *End* at *Last*, and they say he *Waxt* very rich before he dy'd.

One thing is Memorable of him, *i. e.* he could make Witches, as appears from the following Story, that once upon a Day an old Woman who was of such a Temper, that she was continually Snarling at her Neighbours, and found her Curse had no effect upon them, came to him in a great Agony, saying, good Doctor I want your help, I hate all the World, and would send them all to the Devil if I could ; I have Curst, and Curst, and Curst again, and still my Neighbours live in Quiet; but I have heard that a Witch may do what she pleases, and torment folks by Peacemeals, till she sends them to the Devil, so dear Doctor, if you can, make me a Witch, and I'll give you five Guineas : the Doctor you may be sure insisted upon Ten, but rather than fail, finding the Woman would give no more Money, Mistress, says he, with his Spectacles on, lay down your Money, and you may come to me Tomorrow Morning for a Box of Ointment, that will do your business; the Woman dropt

him a fine Courtesy, and was early enough the next Morning for her precious Box, which was ready for her, and like Lightning flew to her Abode, stript, and rubb'd the Unguent on the places he had directed, as her Face, Hands, &c. but it proved of so bad a Savour, that she return'd immediately to the Doctor, Cursing as much as she dar'd do; recollecting herself that he was look'd upon to be a Conjurer, submitted as much as her Stomach would let her, and said, I believe 'twas a T——d you gave me to anoint me with; why then Friend, says the Doctor, you are a Witch, for 'tis really so as *you say*, and I deserve my Money.

The noted Lord *Rocheſter*, when he took upon him to play the Mountebank, among others who flock'd about his Stage, an honest Fellow came to him, who told him that he was so much addicted to *Lying*, that he had not, nor could not speak one word of Truth. come to me To-morrow, says the Mountebank, and I'll make you speak truth as soon as I have you under my Hand; the next Day, the Man being of a damn'd honest Temper, was very early to get a Cure for that which some Folks would not be cured of for all the World, *viz.*

His Lordship takes him on the Stage; bid him open his Mouth, and rubb'd his Gums with a Sirreverance, by G——d says the Man this is a T——d; why then by G——d

G—d, says my Lord, you have spoke truth, and I have cured your Distemper.

There are many more pretended Conjurers in the World, but beware of Counterfeits ; you will find those have no foundation of their own to set up upon, and so when you force them to open their minds, they will answer nothing, or nothing to the purpose. These ought not to be taken for Conjurers.





C H A P. V.

Of Spectres, Ghosts, and Apparitions; the great Conveniences arising from them, and how to make them.

WHEN the Men and the Maids have ended their Gambols, and Bed-time is drawing on, or all seated about the Fire, then *John* begins some dismal Story to the Company about Apparitions and Hóbgoblins, and so about it goes till all the rest of the Society are drawn into the same kind of Dis-

Discourse ; and frightened out of their Wits with dreadful Apprehensions, a Mouse can't stir, but *Nan* creeps close to *John*, *Sue* hugs *Tom*, and none dare lie alone ; then Love and the Devil Couples them together, and each one has a Mate for that Night, and when the Thing is once done, there is a little Ceremony used afterwards, whenever a proper opportunity offers between the Parties ; and ten to one but the Parish is fill'd with Bastards Nine Months after, unless the pregnant Maidens make their way to *London* in time, and top their Kids upon some smug Apprentice ; by such means they get a spell of Money, deck themselves forth, renew their Maidenheads, and either set up an Alehouse with the Men that their Fear debauched, or else change the end of the Town, get acquainted with some eminent Bawd, and so are made the Fondlings of some Raking Coxcombs of Fortune for a while, and then turn'd off to walk the Streets. If it happens this way, then the Story of the Sprite was a dismal Story indeed ; for the forsaking their first true Love, may bring the Ballad of *Bateman* before them ; where they may plainly see in the Picture, that the Devil flies away with such false Wretches ; but I have more Compassion for a tender-hearted Maiden than to think that where a Sixpence has once been crook'd between her and her Sweetheart she can ever forsake him, especially if she has any Notions of the Devil's Claws, and forked

Tongue, or the direful Horrors she must be subject too from the Hauntings of Ghosts and Spectres, whenever she happens to be alone after Candlelight; then may she expect to see the Candle burn Blue, the Chairs gallop about the Room, be stun'd with Shrieks and Groans from every Quarter of the Place, when with a hideous Roar enters a ghastly Figure in a Winding-sheet, with a lighted Taper in one Hand, and a bloody Dagger in the other, crying out for Revenge, and stalking up to you with long Strides, and great Saucer Eyes, rattling of Chains and a Cloven-foot. This I am sure would be enough to frighten the stoutest Man that ever wore an Head, and much more a Woman, who is made of such tender Stuff as most Women are.

But there are many Ballads and History-books sold in *Moorfields*, where you may read the dreadful Ends that unconstant Lovers have come to, as well as in Dr. *Glanvill's* great Book of Ghosts and Apparitions, where you may soon find these Assertions Confirm'd, and see these Spectres set in a true Light; but the Doctor's Book indeed is too high-priced for every one to purchase; and it is not about *London* to see a Ghost every Day, unless one was to pay for it at one of the Play-houses, and that would cost as much as the Book. Nor must you expect a Ghost to appear *gratis* in *Hand-Alley*, as it did seven Years ago (as Thousands can testify) for that was laid for ninety nine Years.

in

in the Red-Sea, by the Reverend Mr. *M*— and the Learned Dr. *H*—. I only tell you of these Things, that you may be fully apprised how dreadful a Thing a Ghost is, and what a wretched Case you must be in, if you was once to be haunted by a Ghost of your making; that is, if you was to break your true Love's Heart by Inconstancy, or make him hang or drown himself, or stab or shoot himself, or make him cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, for your breach of Faith to him.

But doubtless you will say, after this long Harangue, why does not the Author give us a Story or two of some frightful Spectre for us to talk about when we have a mind to frighten one another into a Love-fit, or preserve a constant Love between us; to this the Author answers, *so he will*, and you shall have them of two or three Sorts.

Of a terrible Ghost.

There is a melancholy Story in the Ballad of *Bateman*, expressing the horrible Circumstances of the Ladies being carried away by the Ghost of her true Love, who had hang'd himself for her Inconstancy. Read the Ballad and tremble; but much more tremble at the following Story.

Mr. *Thomas Stringer*, a Gentleman of good Fortune, courted the greatest Beauty in his Country. who receiv'd all his Addresses with
the

the fondest Love and Affection that could be ; he seem'd to be the Man for her Money, and a piece of Gold was bent between them, as a sacred Pledge of their mutual Affections. But there were many more Lovers that followed her daily, and by bad Luck one of them, by some way or another, gain'd her Affections, and got to Bed to her. In the mean while, *Stringer* had Intelligence of it, and now and then upbraided her of Infidelity ; but she in a Gallant way return'd, that she might do what she would with her own if she thought fit, and keep what Company she pleas'd ; this answer stuck in *Stringer's* Stomach for a few Days, till he was certified of her being false to her Vow, not only in lying with one Man, but was well satisfied she received the Addresses of many, and so poison'd himself.

But a few Nights after, what a terrible Figure did he make in her Chamber ; his Hair was nothing but Serpents, his Lilly white Hands, and his pretty little Feet were become like Eagles Claws, he crawl'd like a Toad along the Floor, croaking as he went, and glaring Eyes, with horror in their Looks, he had a Light all about him, as if he was red hot.

The Lady was all afrighted at his Ghastly appearance, and then hugg'd and pull'd her Gallant, but by no means could she awake him, while the Toad-shaped-Creature was crawling up the Bed, and then kissing her
with

with his ugly Mouth, spit Venom in her Face, and in a hideous Voice hollow'd out, Now I have caught the faithless Bitch, Damn your Blood, you vile confounded Strumpet, and so forth, says the Ghost, and with his Iron Claws tore her to pieces, and sent her Scraps to the Devil, as a just Reward for her Treachery ; all the while this was doing, the Candle, which stood on the Table, burnt Blue, which gives me room to think that a Ghost and a Fart are the same Thing, for a Fart will make the Candle burn Blue as well as a Ghost, and then I awaked, and cuddled close to my Bed-fellow.

Another Story of a Ghost, and how much it concern'd a Bishop.

Dr. Glanvil, famous for a Book of Witchcraft and Apparitions, was once telling a certain Bishop of their dreadful Effects, and begg'd his Lordship for his Opinion ; indeed, says my Lord, I have often heard of such Things, and once myself was surpris'd about one a-Clock in the Morning, I heard something — Pray go on, my Lord, says the Doctor ; but what did you hear ? Why replies, my Lord, I heard a strange Noise on the Stairs, coming Lump, Lump, Lump ; and pray what then says the Doctor ? Oh ! answers my Lord, and then with a great Thump my Chamber door flew open. My good Lord, says the Doctor, I perceive

ceive you are of my Opinion ; and then, continues his Lordship, I saw a tall Man enter my Room with a very grim Countenance ; nay then, says the Doctor, that must be a Ghost or the Devil, and immediately, 'said the Bishop, my Chamber was enlighten'd ; he stalk'd up to the Side of my Bed, and drew the Curtains ; nay then, says the Doctor, it must be a Ghost ; but had your Lordship Courage to speak to it: Yes, replies his Lordship, and received a satisfactory Answer. Now my Lord, says the Doctor, we are come to the point ; I find now that your Lordship has a Belief in such things, tho' you have been pleas'd to banter me about my thoughts of Apparitions: my Lord answered, good Doctor, 'tis true ; for it was the Watchman, who finding my Street Door open, was seeking for some body or other to shut it, and happen'd by mistake to come into my Room so in the Picture Harlequin lights in the Ghost, for how the Devil do you think a Ghost can be in the Dark, and if the Devil should stand at his Bed's-head, 'tis because he had said *get the behind me Satan*, or *avbid me Satan*, and therefore I suppose the Engraver only made the Devil peeping out behind the Bed.

But now I come to an extraordinary Case of an Apparition.

A Lad of my Acquaintance coming home late in a Moon-shiny Night, just as he came to a Stile was terribly Frightned at an appearance

ance which was very strange to him, such a thing as the common Folks say makes their *Hair stand an end* ; he could not get over the Stile for the Blood of him, for he saw a black Man at least forty Yards long, wagging his Head at him, but go home he must, or lie in a Ditch, where Ghosts might come; and to make short of his Journey on so desperate an Occasion, he went a little way about, and broke his way throw a Quickset-hedge, where he lost Blood enough by the Scratches of the Thorns. When he came home you may be sure his Father or Master thrash'd him heartily for hurting himself; but when their Passion was over, they led the Youth towards the Phantom, that he might see what it was that gave him the Disturbance, and tho' loath to go, as he came nearer, holding fast by his Father and Mother, he began to discover that the frightful Ghost was not what he at first Apprehended, and the nearer he came to it, still it varied from the first Appearance, till at last he came to it, and then he found out that 'twas only a tall Weed, waved a little by the Wind and its Shade by the Moon-shine had cast a Figure on the Ground, which had almost frighten'd him out of his Wits, and if this Story does not prove that there are Ghosts, than I have no more to say.



C H A P. VI.

Of Fairies, their Use and Dignity.

MY Grand-mother has often told me of Fairies Dancing upon our Green, and that they were *little little* Creatures, cloath'd in Green; they would do good to the industrious cleanly People, but they pinch the Sluts, they would steal Children, and give one of their own in the room, and the moment any one saw them, and took notice of them, they were struck Blind of one Eye; all this I have heard, and my Grand-mother, who

who was a very tall Woman, said she had seen several of them, which I believe because she said so; she said moreover, that they lived under Ground, and that they generally came out of a Mole-hill; they had fine Musick always among themselves, and Danced in a Moon-shiny Night around, or in a Ring as one may see at this Day upon every Common in *England*, where Mushroones grow; but tho' my Grand-mother told me so, it is not unlawful to enquire into a Secret of this Nature, and so I spoke to several good Women about it.

When I ask'd one whether there was such Things as Fairies; Ay, said she, I have seen them many a Time; another said, there's no doubt of them, for you may see Thousands of their Rings upon our Common, &c.

I found, however, another Way to be satisfied of the Matter, and heard the following Story of Fairies from a Person of Reputation.

A Gentlewoman and her Husband were going into the Country, and thought it best to retire out of Town four or five Miles the Night before, to receive the Stage-Coach, and avoid the Ceremony of taking leave of their Friends, which generally are more troublesome than welcome on that Occasion, and being gone to Bed in a Country Town where Fairies walk'd, about Twelve a-Clock up comes a little Woman, not much bigger than one's Thumb, and immediately follows a
little

little Parson, and a great Number of People, with a Woman with a Child in her Arms; and I suppose by their Power Chairs were set for them, but it happen'd they wanted a God-mother for the Child; for 'twas to be christen'd that Night; so says the good Fairy Father, the Gentlewoman in the Room will do us that Favour; ay, says the rest of the Company, 'tis a good Thought, and up brisk'd the Fairy Father to the Bed-side, and call'd out the Lady, who did the Office; for which the Father gave her a large Diamond Ring. All this while the Lady's Husband was as fast as Church, and knew nothing of the Matter. ——— But in the Morning, good lack, the Case was alter'd; he espied the fine Ring upon his Wife's Finger; How came you by that, my Dear, says he? Why, my Love, replies she, the Fairies have been here to Night, and told him the Story of the Christening; Zounds, says he, the Ring is Sir *John's* Ring; I know the Stone; I have often seen Familiarities between you and him, and now am convinced of your Treachery. And so I suppose he took his Wife to be a Whore.

The Fairies were very necessary in Families, as much as Bread, Salt, or Pepper, or any other such Commodity, I believe; because they used to walk in my Father's House, and if I can judge right of the Matter, they were brought into all Families by the Servants; for in old Times Folks used to go to
Bed

Bed at Nine o'Clock, and when the Master and Mistrefs were lain on their Pillows, the Men and Maids, if they had a Game at Ramps, and blunder'd up Stairs, or jumbled a Chair, the next Morning every one would swear 'twas the Fairies, and that they heard them stamping up and down Stairs all Night, crying *Waters lock'd, Waters lock'd*, when there was not Water in any Pail in the Kitchen: So from what I have said, the Hobgoblins, the Witches, the Wizards, the Conjurers, the Ghosts, and the Fairies, are not of any Value, or worth our Thought, and so I conclude with a Conclusion, or an Epilogue relating to Fairies.



POSTSCRIPT to the Book.

A Receipt to make Devils and Witches.

WHEN a Devil is to be introduced, it should be properly with a Thunder Crack, and there is nothing more Stinging to the Ear, than the *Pulvis Fulmineus*, or Thunder Powder, which is made of Tartar, Sulphur and Nitre, but it must be close-stop'd in a Bottle as soon as 'tis made; you may have it at the Chymists, or see the Receipt for making it in Dr. Quincy's Book of Pharmacy.

The way of using it is, to put the Quantity of half a Thimbleful of the Powder into a Fire-Shovel, and make somebody, who knows nothing of the Matter, set it over the Fire, and as soon as it melts, it gives an Astonishing Crack, which will ring in the Ears of the People near it two or three Days, tho' it gives no Light or Flash like Gun-powder. This was one of the Wizards or Conjurers Tricks, and our Forefathers had it to frighten the Folks about them; and whoever has this Secret, may set up for a Devil or a Witch in the Country.

But if after this Thunder, you would make a Devil or a Ghost appear, then take the following Method.

Phosphorus, which one may buy at Mr. Godfrey's the Chymist in *Southampton-street, Covent-Garden*, is an Excellent thing to Represent the Appearance of any Object we desire, in flames of Fire in a dark Room; it is like a *Craion*, so that you may draw with it as with a Pencil to represent any Figure you desire, and while the Candles are there, you can see nothing; but when all is Dark, then you will presently discover the Figure in Fire, and always in Motion, unless sometimes it may perhaps blind you or lose it self for half a Minute, as if it Vanish'd, but will then rise again in the same Shape, and waver about as if it had Life in it for some considerable time.

Tho' this *Phosphorus* is dear, a Man may make a Maid come into his Arms, if he can write or draw well against a Wall with it, and afterwards 'tis ten to one whether she swears a Rape against him.

This *Phosphorus* is to be kept in the Water or Spirits, or else it would consume.

One may with this *Phosphorus* light a Candle by a glass of Water, *i. e.* cut off a Piece of it as big as a large Pin's Head, and stick it on the side of a large Glass of Water, mark the Place, and then take any Candle in the Room and turn it downwards, and drip it out till no Fire is seen, and then while the Wick is hot, hold that to the place where the *Phosphorus* is put, and it will light presently

in streams of Fire in a blue Flame like such as Ghosts and Farts make.

The *Pulvis-Urens*, or burning Powder, is Sold at the Chymists, and it has that Quality, that as soon as it comes to the Air it takes Fire, so that if one was to put a little of it into a Stranger's Hand by way of Snuff, it would burn him. But there is something of good in this, for if one was to have a Phyal of this about one, one might light a Pipe with it.

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EPILOGUE.

I.

COME follow, follow, me
Ye fairy Eleus that be ;
Come follow me your Queen,
And trip it o'er the Green,
Hand in Hand well dance around
Because this place is Fairy Ground.

II.

When Mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their Nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through Key-holes we do glide ;
Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

III.

But if the House be foul
With Platter, Dish or Bowl,
Up Stairs we lighty creep,
And find the Sluts a-sleep,
There we pinch their Arms and Thighs,
None us hear, nor none espies.

IV.

But if the House be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the Household Maid,
And surely she is paid ;
For each Morn before we go,
We drop a Teaster in her Shoe.

V. Upon

EPILOGUE.

V.

Upon a *Musfbroom* bead
Our *table-Cloth* is spread,
A grain of *Rye* or *Wheat*
Is the *Diet* that we *Eat*
Pearly Drops of *Dew* we drink,
In *Acorn Cups* up to the brink,

VI.

But if our *Diet* fails,
The luscious *Fat* of *Snails*,
Between two nut-shells stew'd,
Makes meat that's easy chew'd,
Brains of *Worms*, and *Marrow* of *Mice*,
Make a *Dish* that's wondrous *Nice*.

VII.

The *Grasshopper*, *Gnat* and *Fly*,
Serve for our *minstrells* high,
Grace said we dance a while
And so our time *Beguile*,
And when the *Moon* does hide her *Head*,
The *Glowworm* lights us home to bed.

VIII.

O'er tops of dewy *Grass*,
So lightly we do pass,
That the young and tender stalk,
Ne'er bends where we do walk,
Yet in the *Morning* may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

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